

Suffering was the ocean you drifted in,
Which billowed everything among the currents of your movement.
Procedural death, procedural murder, procedural suffering, procedural killing.
Derealized unto biological movement.
And even before,
All that was carved into your heart was suffering.
You would have had every chance to notice the genocide,
If not for delusion.
And only when your romance was replaced with betrayal,
Do you care enough to merely find another reason to seek a null trance of eternal retribution.:
You were never thrown into the spirals of hell,
Because this is your hell.
A hell you damned your fetal self to,
More than your mindless body now.
Have you never thought that perhaps your purpose,
Had been castrated by scissors of rip and tear?
That all your footsteps were to trample over the very purpose you'd desire,
More than it were to achieve that purpose?:
The key you were was to a worldly dimension of hell.
You never sought power from the god hand.
But you inadvertently have conjured what may have been its genesis.
The birth of black magic.
All 5 reveled in their magic of sin.
They were right about you.
You should have been the 6th.
Now you are a mindless animal.:
I will not judge your flesh as if it were a priest.
But you chose to revel in your suffering and your wrath.
Nobody else knew who you were,
As much as everyone you mutilated,
Never truly submerged in the sadistic killing your entire biology now submits to.:
And ironically this very biology will be the necrosis of your mind,
Until you are truly a docile animal.
Less human than any demon you killed,
Less human than any desire of those who were inevitably dragged to hell.:
I'm sorry that this is your flesh.
I hope ガッツ can atleast wriggle in your animal brain.
All your memory.
Not of the death of those you loved,
But finally.
Of those you loved.
You cannot hope for redemption, you cannot hope for creating a world where evil is dead.
You can only hope for the ability to drag your flesh on the dead human coating your reptilian plates,
And remember who you were.:
May it be known.
That the final great sin committed was in the revel of fury.